

THE "WILLIES" AND THEIR NAVAL LOSSES: CARTOON

# The Daily Mirror

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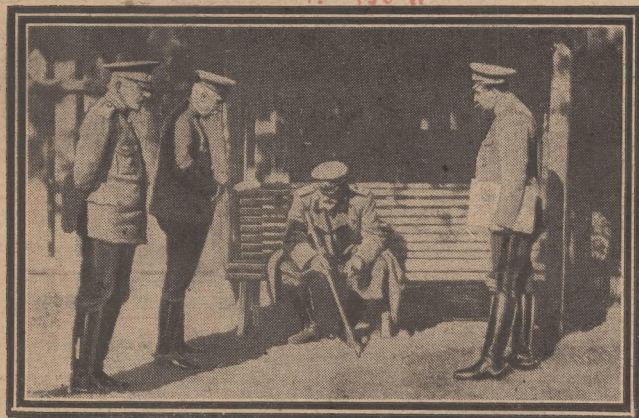
THE BRAIN OF RUSSIA'S MIGHTY ARMY: THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS DRAWS PLANS WITH HIS WALKING-STICK.



Explaining to an officer what he wants done.—(*Daily Mirror* photograph.)



Officer looking at the plan the Duke has just drawn.—(*Daily Mirror* photograph.)



Staff officers watch the drawing of a plan.—(*Daily Mirror* photograph.)



Arriving at headquarters. He is the tall figure.—(*Daily Mirror* photograph.)

An outstanding feature of the war has been the masterly strategy of the Grand Duke Nicholas, the Commander-in-Chief of the Tsar's mighty hosts, who has proved himself more than a match for Von Hindenburg. It has been a duel of brains, and so far has

been greatly in the Grand Duke's favour. A habit of his is to draw battle plans on the ground with his walking-stick. This is illustrated in the pictures, which were taken at his headquarters. His chief of staff is seen in one picture holding a paper.



# DOCTOR'S STORY OF A CHANGELING.

Woman's Strange Evidence in  
"Baby Heir" Case.

## "SCRUPLES OVERCOME."

Is a bright-looking four-year-old boy called Teddy the son of Mr. Charles Slingsby, of Scriven Park, Knaresborough, and therefore heir to the large Slingsby estates, or is he the child of a woman named Lillian Anderson, of Chinatown, San Francisco?

Further evidence bearing on this question was read yesterday in the Probate Court, when the hearing was resumed of the case in which Mr. Charles Slingsby asks for a declaration that Teddy is his son.

The evidence read was taken on commission in America, and is produced by Mr. Slingsby's brothers, who are opposing the baby's claim. They allege that Mrs. Slingsby adopted Lillian Anderson's child, deceiving her husband, who believed the baby to be her own.

The hearing was again adjourned.

## DETECTIVE AS PATIENT.

Counsel proceeded to read the cross-examination of Mrs. Hatty Blain, a nurse, at whose house in McAllister-street Mrs. Slingsby said her baby was born.

Witness detailed incidents she said happened when, as she stated, Mrs. Slingsby was endeavouring to get a boy child to adopt from a foundling hospital. Mrs. Slingsby thought that a Hawaiian child was too dark.

When you were at the foundling hospital did Mrs. Slingsby say she could not get a boy she would get a girl?—Yes, she said that she was perfectly willing to take anything she could get.

On September 1, 1910, continued witness, Mrs. Slingsby asked for the loan of five dollars in the morning as they were going to Dr. Fraser's office to get the baby to adopt. Witness handed her the money.

## WOMAN WHO SPIED.

Further questioned, Mrs. Blain told how a woman stayed in the house for treatment ostensibly, but confessed that she was a detective. She said:—

I am from Victoria, B.C. We have found out about the Slingsby baby. It is not Mrs. Slingsby's. We know all about her now. She is nothing but an adventuress.

Witness, in a conversation with Mrs. Black, the child's nurse, said she had said the child was Mrs. Slingsby's, but if she had to swear to the fact she would have to tell the truth.

Lillian Anderson, a young woman of twenty-three, stated that on September 1, 1910, she, with her sister (since dead) and Dr. Fraser, went to the latter's office, where a boy child was born to her the next day.

Have you ever seen since?—No. What colour hair had the baby?—I don't know. Don't you know your own baby's?—No. Or the colour of his eyes?—No. Did you look at him?—Yes, but you can't tell with a small baby.

The child remained during that night and next morning and was taken away by the nurse?—Yes. You don't know who got your baby?—No. The arrangements were made by Dr. Fraser, who said he would find a home for the child.

## DOLLARS FOR EVIDENCE.

Dr. William W. Fraser said on August 3, 1910, he opened his office in Grant-avenue. About the middle of that month Lillian Anderson's sister came to him and arranged for Lillian to be received at his office. He agreed to find a good home for the baby.

On September 1 a baby boy was born to Lillian Anderson. Previously he answered an advertisement, where Mrs. Slingsby came and saw him about adopting the child.

Next day Mrs. Slingsby and Mrs. Blain came to the office. Mrs. Slingsby seemed very pleased with the child and took it away.

Later Mrs. Slingsby asked witness to put her down as the mother of the child and her husband as the father.

"My scruples," said witness, "were overcome by Mrs. Slingsby's feelings, and having the welfare of the child and mother in view I consented."

Dr. Fraser admitted he had received 500dols. (£100) in respect to giving evidence, and also 50dols. (£10) from Mrs. Slingsby on the morning she took away the baby.

## HONOURS FOR THREE OFFICERS.

The London Gazette last night contained a notification, under the date of December 5, that the King, on the occasion of his visit to the Army in the field, had bestowed three further decorations.

Brigadier-General the Hon. William Lambton, military secretary to the Commander-in-Chief of the Expeditionary Force, in attendance on his Majesty, has been promoted to be Commander of the Royal Victorian Order.

Captain Francis Gerald St. John, R.N., commanding royal escort, has been appointed a member of the fourth class, and Captain Godfrey Spencer Taverner Dawson, 3rd Battalion Royal Irish Regiment, officer on guard at headquarters, a member of the fifth class of the same Order.

## TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

England—Unsettled; some rain; fair to fine periods; moderate temperature.

# "ALL CARS STOP HERE."

Fire at Electric Station "Holds Up"  
Nearly All London Tramway-Cars.

## HARVEST FOR TAXICABS.

Nearly every tramway-car in London came to a stop last evening, and thousands of homework bound City workers were delayed.

The cause of the delay, which, coming at the busiest traffic hour, caused immense confusion, was an explosion about five o'clock at the Greenwich generating station.

Cables connecting the generators to the switchboard were set on fire, and though the flames were quickly subdued, serious damage was done.

It was some hours before the full service was restored.

The stoppage was complete on both sides of the Thames, and the only London County Council tramway-cars not affected were those running from Greenwich, through Deptford and Lewisham, which take their supply of current from the Deptford municipal station.

The stoppage brought a sudden harvest to taxicab drivers and omnibuses.

## ALL-BRITISH WAITER.

Demand for Him So Great That Waiters' School Is Being Enlarged.

British waiters are coming into their own. The war has brought home to British parents the possibilities and prospects of waiting as a calling for boys.

So great is the demand for British waiters now that the London County Council is enlarging its school for boy waiters at the Westminster Technical Institute.

"No other calling in the country," states the Education Committee, "has been so much monopolised by foreigners, and the opportunity which is now presented of taking steps to fill their places by British subjects is one that should be quickly seized."

At the London County Council's school for waiters boys from school undergo a full year's course of day training in waiting.

The best hotels in London take students from the school at the end of the year's training and give them a good wage.

In addition to the whole day training course, part-time classes are being introduced for boys who are now being engaged at hotels and restaurants as waiter apprentices.

At these classes the apprentices acquire a knowledge of foods and their seasons. In addition they learn how to draw up menus. Instruction in French and English terms is also given.

It is expected that a year of this training, together with their hotel or restaurant experience, will qualify the boys as fully-skilled waiters for any hotel or restaurant in the kingdom.

## SUICIDE BECAUSE HE WAS "UNFIT."

Worried because he had been discharged from the Army as unfit, George William, forty-two, formerly of the Royal Field Artillery, committed suicide, and at a Lambeth inquest yesterday the jury returned a verdict of Suicide while temporarily insane.

The widow said her husband had been a waterside labourer, and had formerly served thirteen years in the Royal Field Artillery.

When war broke out he rejoined the Army, but on November 16 was discharged as unfit, and he said it would send him mad because he was unfit to go to the war.

The coroner expressed his sympathy with the widow, who said she had two children, and remarking that he was afraid she would not receive anything from the Army authorities, he allowed her £1 from the poor box.

## BLUFFED BY "STAGE ARMY" TRICK.

How the Germans were taken in by the "stage army" trick is told in a letter home by Bert Wrench, of the 2nd Battalion Border Regiment.

"We came out here on the 5th of last month," he writes. "We did an awful lot of marching, bluffing the Germans and making our numbers seem much more than they really were."

"Then we finally took up a defensive position and held it for nineteen days against fearful odds under heavy artillery fire and Jack Johnson's galore."

"Just fancy my division, 20,000 men, holding back 200,000 Germans until reinforcements arrived."

## "LION-LIKE BRITISH."

A German general's tribute to the bravery of the British is quoted by the Berlin correspondent of the United Press of America in a message to the Exchange Telegraph Company.

The correspondent states that General von Wild, now Chief Quartermaster of the German Army, but formerly in command of a division, spoke to him of what he described as "the fearful slaughter of the English."

"They fought with lion-like bravery," said the general.

## REMOVED FROM THE ARMY.

Lieutenant-Colonel E. P. England, of the Royal Horse and Royal Field Artillery, states the London Gazette, is relieved from the Army, the King having no further occasion for his services."

# AN ILL-TIMED HOBBY.

Counsel in Case of Signalling to Sea  
Threatens to Leave Court.

## MYSTERY OF A QUESTION.

There was a curious scene at Holyhead Police Court yesterday when Thomas O. Marshall, whose house overlooks the harbour, was charged with signalling by the Morse code to some persons unknown.

Robert Williams, a private, said at half-past one at night he noticed that signalling was going on at the house. Witness caught two messages, one being, "I am here," the other, "I will meet you."

Sergeant R. H. Owen deposed to seeing Marshall looking through a pair of glasses. Corporal Atkinson said him to drop the glasses, whereupon accused said: "Oh, I am afraid." Witness gave him two minutes to come down to the front door, and accused replied: "All right, don't fire."

Told he would be arrested, Marshall said: "Let me pay you. I will pay you anything you like—I will pay you £50 if you like." Witness replied that he could do nothing of the kind for a million.

Giving evidence, Marshall stated that he had often signalled to his wife's uncle when he was on board the Ranger in the harbour. He bought a book on signalling some time ago and signalling was a hobby.

A scene in court then took place. The prosecuting solicitor asked accused if he had been on board the Friesland, which was in the harbour.

The defending counsel said if he had any suspicion the accused had attempted to convey a message to the enemy he would not have taken the brief, and it was only after the assurance given by the prosecuting solicitor that they had done so.

He would withdraw from the case unless the prosecuting solicitor withdrew the suggestion.

With this view the defending solicitor associated himself, and both proceeded to leave, whereupon counsel for the prosecution said he would withdraw the suggestion, although, he said, he felt bound to put it.

The Chairman said they did not find that accused had any intention of communicating with the enemy. They took a lenient view, and a fine of £10, including costs. Notice of appeal was given.

# FACES THAT HAVE GONE.

Flags and Cannon Oust Girls and Fairies as  
Adornments on Christmas Crackers.

The war is having its effect on the Christmas cracker, in the sense that a feature this year will be the patriotic cracker in red, white and blue.

But the pretty girl's face or the fairy usually found on the outside of the bon-bon has in many cases disappeared this year.

In their places are soldiers, cannon, Dreadnoughts, flags and other warlike "scraps."

But though the outside has changed the toys and caps will still be found snugly hidden inside the cracker.

A novel idea with regard to the Christmas cracker has been introduced by a firm in the High-street, Kensington.

They have hit upon the idea of making crackers to match the wallpaper or general decor of the room in which a Christmas party is being held.

The firm makes its own crackers, and you can obtain red crackers to match a red room, and with them, at a cost of 5s., a giant red cracker containing presents. This is to hang over the table. The crackers can be made to order in any colour.

## "A HASH OF MUSIC AND DANCE."

Mr. Justice Bray asked a witness to explain to him what a revue was yesterday in the course of these alleged breaches brought by Miss Vesta Victoria against Moss Empires, Ltd., for damages for alleged breaches by defendants of three contracts.

Miss Vesta Victoria claims to have lost £4,470 by these alleged breaches of contract.

The principal point in dispute is as to whether Miss Victoria is bound to attend rehearsals.

Mr. Henry Tozer, chairman of the management of the Oxford, Ltd., the witness who was asked by the Judge to explain what a revue was, replied:—

"It is," replied Mr. Tozer, "a generic term signifying a sort of hash of music and dance, and the French, but it is not a correct appellation."

## LORD A. DOUGLAS DISCHARGED.

The case of Lord Alfred Douglas, who was charged with libelling Mr. K. S. L. R. was mentioned before Mr. Justice Avory at the Old Bailey yesterday. At the trial in November the jury failed to agree and the case was postponed, Lord Alfred being released on bail.

The Judge, after reading that "no plea" was entered by the Attorney-General, said Lord Alfred Douglas was discharged and was free from any further prosecution on this indictment.

## WHO KNEW "QUEENIE" ?

Mrs. Mumford, of 46, Broad-street, Barry (Gloucestershire), appeals for the address of any person known to her nephew, Private John Gwyther (3840), killed in action on October 24. His regimental pet name was Queenie, and he was only nineteen years of age.

# CRUISER RIDDLED FROM STEM TO STERN

British Sailor's Stirring Account of  
Sinking of Emden.

## MASS OF YELLOW FUMES.

A vivid picture of the appalling effects of naval warfare is given in a letter which reached The Daily Mirror yesterday, written by Able Seaman Sidney Cave, of the cruiser Sydney, whose deadly gunfire ended the career of the Emden.

With her hull riddled by the Sydney till it was little more than a sieve, the Emden ran ashore on Cocos Keeling Island, in the Indian Ocean, and there was "eaten up" by the British fleet.

Through most of the eighty minutes' awful duel between the two vessels Cave stood upon the bridge of the Sydney.

With death-dealing shells whistling over his head and bursting about him, the seventeen-year-old bugler, calm, alert and dutiful, was there to "sound any calls that might be needed."

To-day he has his reward. He is no longer Bugler Cave. With higher pay and better prospects, he is now an able seaman.

The thrilling story of the fight is thus described by the young sailor in a letter to his mother:—"On the morning of November 9 we received a message from the Cocos Islands that there was a strange warship landing an armed force there, and so we set off at full speed for that place."

"We sighted her at 9.30 a.m. and at 9.40 we opened fire."

"I was on the bridge during most of the action, standing by to sound any calls that might be needed, so I had little to do but watch the fight."

"We could have stood off and sunk her without her touching us if we had liked, as our guns have a longer range than hers, but the captain for some reason or other chose to get near her, and so we were hit pretty often."

"It is a horrible sensation to hear the shells go whistling over one's head, and I stood on the bridge waiting to be picked off."

"I made certain I was going to be hit, as the shells were whizzing about my ears."

**AFIRE FROM END TO END.**  
"One fellow on the bridge had his leg torn clear off by a shell, and he died immediately, poor chap."

"I also could see our shells hitting the Emden, and she was one mass of yellow fumes from our lyddite shells."

"In an hour she was burning furiously, and only had two out of her ten guns firing, and she had lost two funnels."

"She was also in a sinking condition, and her captain ran her ashore to save her from going to the bottom."

"In another thirty-five minutes the action was over and the Emden was wrecked."

"She had all three funnels shot away, her foremast was completely gone, she had great holes all along her sides, and she was burning from stem to stern, but still had her colours flying."

"We then chased her collier, and when we had taken the crew off we sank her."

"We then returned to the Emden and signalled to her to haul down her colours, but she would not, and so we fired a few more shots at her until at last down came the German eagles."

"The Sydney was practically undamaged. We lost three killed and fifteen wounded, and one died afterwards from his wounds."

## FORGETTING THE WAR.

The first distribution of Christmas gifts sent by American children to child victims of the war in Europe begins to-day. More than a thousand crates have been unpacked, and certain London districts will to-day receive their quota of presents.

Among all the thousands of toys America has sent there is not one that suggests war. Toy soldiers, toy cannon, model aeroplanes, and so forth, are conspicuously absent from the crates.

Wives of men fighting at the front, The Daily Mirror is asked to state, should get into communication at once with their respective towns councils or relief committees, supplying the address and details as to the number of children, their age and sex, and applying for gifts accordingly.

## HEARD THERE WAS "A BIG WAR."

A very quaint out-of-the-world attitude towards events in Europe is described by a Central News correspondent, who recently visited Italian Somaliland.

"By the courtesy of the Governor," he says, "I attended an audience at Bargale, with Sultan Osman Mohammed, who casually observed that he had heard there was 'a big war' going on, and innocently inquired what it was all about. He was duly informed, and professed great interest."

PARIS, Dec. 11.—A telegram received here from Cairo says that Colonel Sir A. Henry McMahon, Foreign Secretary to the Government of India since 1911, is to be sent to India to Egypt with the title of High Commissioner.—Exchange.



# ADMIRAL STURDEE HUNTING DOWN ENEMY CRUISER DRESDEN

**Last of Von Spee's Squadron Being Chased by British Cruisers.**

**FRENCH EULOGY OF NAVAL MASTERPIECE.**

**Germany Doubts Accuracy of Admiralty Statement, but Becomes Doleful.**

**GRIM WARNING TO KAISER'S STAY-AT-HOME FLEET.**

Germany was shedding tears yesterday for her lost cruisers.

Admiral Sturdee's brilliant naval success in the action off the Falkland Islands, in the South Atlantic, is hailed in France and Russia as a tactical triumph.

The Grand Duke Nicholas has personally sent his warm congratulations to the British Admiralty.

Now that the cruiser Nurnberg has been sent to the bottom Germany's raiding ships outside the North Sea are believed to number only six.

These six ships are—

**CRUISERS**—Dresden, Karlsruhe, Bremen, and Strassburg.

**ARMED LINERS**—Kronprinz Wilhelm and Prinz Eitel Friedrich.

Nothing has been heard of the Strassburg for some time.

Now all attention is focussed on the Dresden, which, Admiral Sturdee reports, is being chased by British cruisers and light cruisers.

The Dresden has a fine turn of speed of twenty-seven knots, and may make good her escape. Admiral von Spee, it is reported in America, has lost his life in the action, and went down in his flagship, the Scharnhorst.

**WARM CONGRATULATIONS FROM RUSSIA.**

**Grand Duke Nicholas on Splendid Exploit of British Fleet.**

The Secretary to the Admiralty made the following announcement yesterday:—

The following telegram has been received from Petrograd:—"Having heard the good news of the brilliant victory gained by Admiral Sir Frederick Sturdee, I hasten to offer my warm congratulations, and those of the Russian Fleet and Army. The splendid exploit of the British Fleet serves to strengthen our unshakable confidence in the ultimate success of the Allies' cause."

The message is signed by the Grand Duke Nicholas.

**STURDEE'S MASTERPIECE.**

PARIS, Dec. 11.—M. Gabriel Hanotaux, the ex-Minister, writing in the *Figaro*, says:—

"It is a superb and brilliant success which the British Fleet has just gained."

"The whole operation is a masterpiece of naval tactics, and the German sailors, moreover, have received a warning that they cannot keep the seas for long when the British forces begin the pursuit."

"It is a warning to the German fleets in the North Sea that though mines, submarines and surprise attacks may cause deplorable losses to the allied fleets, yet British superiority is shown each time that encounters take place in the open."

"The oceans are now free to the world, thanks to the combined forces of the Allied Powers, for the Japanese and French fleets appear to have contributed to the vast rounding up of the enemy."

"As to the feat of arms itself, all honour is due to the British Fleet, and it is to it that the enthusiastic congratulations of the French Navy and the French nation are directed."—Reuter.

**GERMAN MOURNING.**

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 11.—The German newspapers are mourning the loss of the cruisers in the action off the Falkland Islands.

The *Vossische Zeitung* says that in the pursuit of the German squadron such strength was exerted as could leave it no prospect of success.

"Not only the number of ships," adds the journal, "but also their gun power and speed gave the British ships on this occasion an advantage against which our cruisers could not match."

The *Tageszeitung* says: "The existence of the German cruisers could not materially influence the course of the war, and they were cer-

tain to be destroyed sooner or later, as Germany possesses no fortified ports abroad.

"With pride and joy we have followed the seamanlike and warlike efficiency, skill and determination of the officers and men of our ocean cruisers."

"They proved that German seamen need fear no comparison with the sailors of the greatest sea power in the world."

"They have won the admiration and unanimous esteem of the entire world. They have been glorious in victory and glorious also in death."

"Their destruction has as little influence on the progress of the war as had their success."

The *Berliner Post* says: "No better proof could be given of Great Britain's respect for our fleet than her big concentration of ships. This time the British success is merely a numerical one."—Reuter.

**OFFICIAL BERLIN TEARS.**

The following semi-official statement was issued in Berlin yesterday, says Reuter:—

"Regarding the naval battle off the Falkland Islands, it appears that our cruiser squadron, which soon after the battle off Coronel put into the port of Santiago de Chile, left there after less than twenty-four hours' stay for an unknown destination."

"Probably the squadron steamed southwards to seek the Canopus and the Glasgow."

"Meanwhile, as it appears from the English newspapers, a very strong British squadron was dispatched to seek and destroy our cruiser squadron. Nothing certain is yet known concerning the battle."

"However, there is reason to conclude that the Scharnhorst, Gneisenau and Leipzig were sunk, while the Dresden and Nurnberg succeeded in escaping."

"In view of the superiority of the enemy's fleet, which consists particularly of big, fast and well-armed ships, there seems little chance that our two cruisers can long evade pursuit."

"It is hardly to be expected that accurate information will be given from English sources regarding the fight and the composition of the British squadron."

"It should not be forgotten that our squadron has been for four months on the high seas, and that without being able to make use of the cables or of other means of information it assembled and dealt a heavy blow at the enemy's fleet."

"No protected harbour was at its disposal for undertaking the most necessary repairs and no dock was available for cleaning the ships' bottoms."

"Nevertheless, they succeeded during four months in getting necessary supplies of coal and provisions without falling into the enemy's hands."—Reuter.

**NAVAL VICTOR'S VINCENT MASCOT.**

**Lady Sturdee Proud of Her Husband's Success—Shower of Congratulations.**

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

DROXFOUR (Hants), Dec. 11.—"My husband only carried out his duty to the best of his ability—I can say no more than that. I am very happy and proud of his success."

In these simple words Lady Sturdee, wife of Vice-Admiral Sir Frederick Doveton Sturdee, spoke to me today of her husband's magnificent victory which has so thrilled the world.

A more peaceful, happy home than that of the famous sailor it would be hard to find anywhere. As I chatted with Lady Sturdee the constant arrival of telegrams of congratulation from all sorts and conditions of people seemed almost incongruous in this quiet country house.

With her daughter, Lady Sturdee has been busily occupied since the beginning of the war in knitting socks for the soldiers and sailors and working in dozens of ways on their behalf.

Miss Sturdee has been taking an active part in the work of the Red Cross Hospital at Droxford. Admiral Sturdee has been away from Droxford for some months now. In order that she can speak to him at the earliest possible moment when he arrives at a home port Lady Sturdee has had the telephone installed at her house.

All his life Admiral Sturdee has been an earnest student of naval history, and his favourite sea character is that of Lord St. Vincent.

When the Admiral went away to sea a few months ago he took a picture of the famous sailor away with him as a mascot.

The famous Earl St. Vincent defeated the Spanish Fleet off Cape St. Vincent on February 14, 1797, capturing four ships and disabling many others.

He was in command at the three battles of Gibraltar, 1781-2, and Cape Cadiz sealed in 1795, and sent Nelson to Aboukir.

**HEROES OF LODZ.**

BERLIN, Dec. 11.—Advices from Lodz show that during the bombardment of Lodz the citizens behaved most heroically, rescuing the wounded under fire. Many were killed and wounded.—Reuter.

The *Bozner Gazette*, says a Central News message from Petrograd, states that it is clear from dispatches the newspaper has received that the Germans suffered enormous losses both in East Prussia and in Poland.

**LITTLE SERBIA THRASHES HER BIG BULLY.**

**Two Austrian Army Corps Completely Cut Up in Smashing Victory.**

ROME, Dec. 11.—The Nish correspondent of the *Messenger* telegraphs that, owing to the severe defeat by the Serbians of the two Austrian army corps, between Valjevo and Uzita, the Austrian commander has stopped the advance of the two Austrian corps which were approaching from the north.

The correspondent states that on the 9th and 10th the Serbians took another 10,000 prisoners. The total Austrian losses are estimated at 50,000.—Central News.

**"COMPLETELY CUT UP."**

NISH, Dec. 9.—The following semi-official statements are issued here:—In face of the great numerical superiority of the Austrian Army, the Serbian Army was obliged for almost a whole month to fall back in order to be able to disorganize and catch up the Austrian army. Corps of the enemy forming their right wing, were completely cut up.

Finally, the principal battle, which lasted six days, from December 3 to 8, took place on the slopes of Mount Rudnik, and ended in the complete disaster of the Austrian army.

It may be said that the 15th and 16th Army Corps of the enemy forming their right wing, were completely cut up.

The enemy are retreating all along the line in the greatest disorder, making every effort to escape from our victorious troops, who are close on their heels and are driving them at the point of the sword.

"Our men have re-entered Valjevo and Uzita. It may be said that the Austrian offensive, which was delivered with the greatest publicity, has collapsed in complete disaster."

A later statement says:—"Our offensive continues victoriously all along the front, and the enemy is still fleeing in the most complete disorder."

"Prisoners are arriving without cessation at Nish, where there are already 15,000."—Reuter.

**PUTTING IT MILDLY.**

In their official communiqué the Austrians mildly phrase their reverse at the hands of the Serbians by saying "our troops were unable to advance."

**SERBIA'S HUGE HAUL.**

NISH, Dec. 9.—During the day of the 7th inst. the Uzlitz army, which is pursuing the enemy without cessation, occupied Pojeza and advanced on Uzice, on the north-west front.

The enemy retired with great capacity before our columns. On the 7th we took twenty-six officers and 5,372 soldiers prisoners, and also captured twenty-eight anti-aircraft guns, one mountain gun, one howitzer and fifteen howitzer carriages, together with fifty caissons full of ammunition, 540 wagons, forty-four of them full of ammunition, 327 horses and two military cash-boxes, besides a quantity of rifles and cartridges, telegraphic material, officers' baggage and official documents.

At Gukocze we captured a whole artillery depot.

In the fighting on the 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th of December we took ninety-five officers and 15,742 soldiers prisoners, and also captured twenty-eight anti-aircraft guns, one mountain gun, one howitzer, sixteen howitzer carriages, thirty-six Maximas, 10,000 rifles, about forty-six ammunition wagons, twenty wagons with war material, ten large medical service wagons, four ambulances, 500 carts and a number of horses and oxen, field ovens, telegraphic material, etc.

The enemy tried to defend Valjevo, but had to withdraw in face of the intrepidity of our troops.—Reuter.

**REBELS' FINAL COLLAPSE.**

The following telegram from the Governor-General of the Union of South Africa was issued last night:—

The rebellion, which began with the treachery of Maritz on October 9, followed about a fortnight later by a resort to arms on the part of Beyer in the Transvaal and then by De Wet in the Orange Free State, is now practically at an end.

A few small bodies of rebels, under insignificant leaders, may continue to give a little trouble, but it will be an affair of police rather than of military operations.

De Wet, Muller, Wessel Wessels, the three members of Parliament, namely, the two Senior Members of the Volksraad, and one member of the Provincial Council, as well as other leaders, have been captured or have surrendered. Beyer is dead, and Maritz and Kemp have joined the Germans.

The final collapse came yesterday in the unconditional surrender of Wessels and Serfontein, with their 1,200 men, the only large body of rebels which still remains in being. Only other small bodies of men are surrendering in the field.

About 7,000 rebels have been captured or have surrendered in the field.

The operations in connection with these rebels have been carried out promptly, efficiently and effectively, and with a minimum of casualties, by the various commandants and commanders who were primarily concerned, as well as by the co-operating units of the permanent, active citizen and police forces.

The *Bozner Gazette* states the forces as a whole were under General Botha's own personal command.

The revolution being at an end, a portion of the commandoes can be at once allowed to return to their farms.

**ALLIES HURL BACK MANY ATTACKS.**

**Huns Make Desperate and Repeated Efforts to Rush Trenches at Ypres.**

**BRITISH CAPTURE VILLAGE.**

There has been further fierce fighting at Ypres, where the Germans delivered attack after attack on the Allies' lines.

Three of these onslaughts were totally repulsed, but a fourth attack succeeded in reaching one of the first-line trenches of the Allies. "On our side," says the French communiqué, "we have continued progress in the direction of the enemy's lines."

At other points the Allies have gained successes, pushing forward their trenches and capturing the railway station of Asbach.

British troops are reported to have captured the village of Staden, ten miles north-east of Ypres.

**FIERCE GERMAN ATTACKS.**

PARIS, Dec. 11.—The following communiqué was issued at three o'clock this afternoon:—

The enemy displayed some activity yesterday in the region of Ypres, and delivered several attacks against our lines, three of which were completely repulsed.

The Germans succeeded in reaching one of the trenches in our first line.

On our side we have continued progress in the direction of the enemy's lines.

In the region of Arras and of Juvincourt there have been artillery duels.

In the Argonne we have pushed several of our trenches forward and have repelled two German attacks.

In the region of Varennes we have consolidated our gains of the preceding days.

The German artillery has shown great activity, but has not caused us any casualties.

It has been the same on the Meuse heights.

In the Bois de Prete our progress has been maintained and accelerated.

South of Thann we have captured the railway station of Asbach.

On the rest of the front there have been artillery exchanges.—Reuter.

**BRITISH SUCCESS.**

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 10 (Midnight).—According to a telegram from the Dutch-Belgian frontier, British troops have captured the village of Staden.—Central News.

Staden is ten miles north-east of Ypres.

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 11.—A correspondent of the *Handelsblad* learns from a semi-official source that the British are in the hands of the Allies.—Central News.

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 11.—The *Sluis* correspondent of the *Telegraf* telegraphs that gunfire in the direction of Ypres was audible yesterday afternoon.

On Monday last an airman reconnoitred the position of the batteries north of Roulers.

Soon two German aeroplanes mounted, and a battle in the air was expected, but the first aircraft escaped in the direction of Ypres.—Reuter.

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 11.—An official communiqué issued in Berlin to-day says:—

In Flanders we made progress.

To the west and east of the Argonne woods the positions of the hostile artillery were successfully attacked.

French attacks in the wood of Le Prete, west of Pont-a-Mousson, were repulsed.—Central News.

**HURRIED TO KAISER'S SIDE.**

PARIS, Dec. 11.—The *Echo de Paris* states that the Crown Prince was hurriedly hurried to his headquarters at Senay on Tuesday night at eight o'clock to the Kaiser's bedside.—Exchange Telegraph Special.

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 11.—A message from Berlin announces that it is officially stated that the condition of the German Emperor has considerably improved.

The catarrh is decreasing and the temperature normal.—Central News.

**FIGHTING WITH FIRS.**

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 11.—According to a telegram from Constantinople, an official dispatch from the Great Headquarters says:—Yesterday, under cover of a man-of-war, the Russians attempted to disembark near Gonja, south of Batumi, with the object of outflanking our troops. The Russians were compelled to retreat with heavy losses. We captured two guns.

[The above dispatch, says the censor, appears to consist of false information deliberately spread abroad in Constantinople under German instructions.]



## FAILURE OF GERMAN SUBMARINES' RAID ON DOVER HARBOUR.



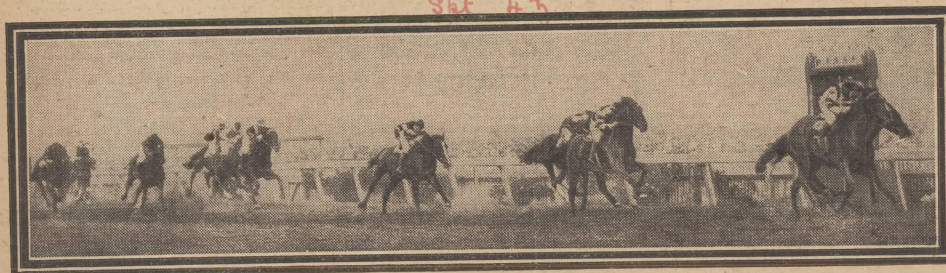
The German Navy's luck is out this week. A submarine flotilla made a daring early morning raid on Dover Naval Harbour, and two of the enemy craft are believed to have been sunk. The report lacks official confirmation, but no damage was sustained on the British side. The submarines tried to penetrate by the eastern entrance, which is marked with a cross. The noise of the firing woke the inhabitants, many of whom ran to the sea front to see what was occurring.

## ZOUAVE AGED FOURTEEN: FRENCH CAPTURE A GERMAN TRENCH.

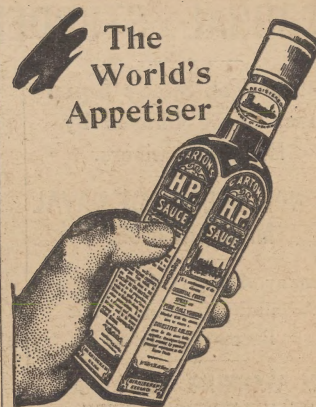


This small boy, whose name is Jean, has been adopted by a regiment of Zouaves, who found him wandering in the north of France after his parents had been shot by the Germans before his eyes. The second picture shows French soldiers remaking a trench which they captured from the Germans. It had been partially filled up.

## RACING IN AUSTRALIA: KINGSBURGH WINS MELBOURNE CUP.



The race for the Melbourne Cup is one of the most important Turf events of the year in Australasia. The picture shows the finish. It was a very exciting one, Kingsburgh winning by a short head.



The  
World's  
Appetiser

# H.P.

## Sauce

made in England  
but enjoyed all  
over the world.

The flavour of H.P. is so  
delicious and so different  
from any other  
sauce you have  
tried before.

## Xmas Decorations, 1914

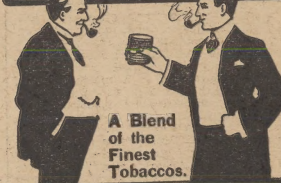
How shall we decorate this Xmas? Why, with the  
**NATIONAL FLAGS**

of the Nations engaged in the Great War. LET  
THE CHILDREN MAKE THESE! But how?  
Procure a packet of NATIONAL FLAG DECORA-  
TIONS which provides all materials and instru-  
ctions necessary.

Each packet contains 13 Flags with instructions for colouring.  
13 Wires on which to mount the Flags.  
The Price of the Packet is only ONE PENNY  
Order at once BY POST.

Postage of 1. 1d.; 2. 1d.; 3. 2d.; 4. 3d.; 5. 4d.; 6. 5d.; 7. 6d.; 8. 7d.; 9. 8d.; 10. 9d.; 11. 10d.; 12. 11d.; 13. 12d.  
RUDD & CO., 110, Southwark St. LONDON S.E.

# LUNTIN MIXTURE



6d. per ounce. 2/- Quarter Pound Tin.  
**THOMSON & PORTEOUS, EDINBURGH.**

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**ALDERWOOD MIXTURE 5 1/2d. PER OUNCE**  
**TWO HOURS MIXTURE 5d. PER OUNCE**

# PALETHORPES'

ROYAL CAMBRIDGE

Same price as before the War



# Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1914.

## THE KAISER'S ILLNESS.

IT IS VERY natural that at the beginning of such great conflicts as this there should always be, for the mass of men, some visible person emergent, to gather up the blame of everything and to absorb it into himself. The man in the street has not yet learnt how to pronounce the "Kayer's" name—we English are notoriously slow at languages—but he has learnt that the Kayzer began it; for nobody except the sainted Shaw imagines for a moment that the "dotard" Francis Joseph is the real villain of the piece. The Kayzer began it, or, as we would put it, those forces in Prussia which the Kayzer serves to symbolise. Perhaps Little Willie indeed was more to blame than Big Willie; but the Willies, Big and Little, it was. They must go. And now, as often happens, one of them has fallen ill.

Is he "going" already?

Really, authentically ill, is he?—or only ill with that elusive malady which is always in times of crisis reported of great men?

Francis Joseph, you remember, was "very ill" at the beginning of the war. He is apparently as well as ever. The Clown Prince was ill, wounded, dead at the beginning of the war. He is apparently still rushing about. But the Kayzer's illness is genuine. How serious nobody seems to know, as we write. Meanwhile, you can see that the man in the street thinks that much depends on it.

This average man feels that it matters a great deal whether this one man live or die. The Kayzer is absolute. He will not have talent too near him. Poor Bethmann-Hollweg, misguided, misnamed "philosopher," is the type dear to him—confirmatory, subservient. Therefore, if the Kayzer goes, there will be vacancy, confusion. So we were told by several people when the Kaiser first fell ill.

Let us confess, however, that we do not wait upon this illness with eager hopes of a fatal issue.

Big Willie may be bad. Little Willie is no better. And for Big Willie at least can be said, or rumoured, that he only joined the war-party of the Potsdammed late in the long day—that, in spite of blusterings, he has now and again stood against Potsdammed, so far as circumstances and temperament would allow. Of Little Willie this cannot be said. So much for that side of it.

But, next, we remember that Big Willie's temper, in a certain sincerity that marks it, is uncertain. He wants things violently, yet indecisively—first one thing, then another. He is a fidget. He moves Ministers. He removes generals. He moves incessantly himself. All just what we want of a War Lord on the other side. A certain bold incompetence marks him—a dashing amateurishness, hindering continuous policy. Let him stay then, we beg, for other than altruistic reasons! Let him stay till after the war. It will not end with the Kayzer.

Indeed, the evil in this striving state of ours could be ever so much more easily located and suppressed were it resident in certain forms, in fixed persons, in one or two predominant men. Such evil is harder to hit than that. There is no bull's-eye in this target. One has to fire along a whole line stretched out from sea nearly to sea. Francis Joseph and Kayzer are but summaries, symbols. Only anarchists think that you kill kingship by killing kings.

W. M.

"Daily Mirror Reflections of War and Peace," being Vol. VIII. of Mr. Haselden's cartoons, is just out. It contains more than 100 of the best of them, including many of the series of Big and Little Willies. It costs 6d. net, postage 2d. There could be no better present for people at home or at the front.

## LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

### "ONLY A SHILLING."

I. VENTURE to suggest, after reading "W. M.'s" article on Thursday about women's needs during the war, that it would be a good plan if every girl in a position unaltered by the war, and especially if her salary be high, should give every week or month, as the case may be, a certain proportion of her earnings to any of the many funds needing help.

Although too much cannot be done for all those brave men who in the hour of need did not hesitate to come forward at once, yet in the over-zealous anxiety to help in every way the needs of women out of employment and other appeals—perhaps not directly connected with the war—ought not to be neglected. M. H. B.

WITH regard to "W. M.'s" appeal for one shilling to help unemployed women of England,

thousand years. He has simply refined barbarism.

The struggle for physical existence is more intense to-day than ever it was. It really staggers one to hear people telling us in this ghastly hour that man has progressed. There is no evidence for such an assertion.

ROBERT GOULD.

### THE LAW OF BUSINESS.

IN reply to "Business." It stands to reason that the first in any line of commerce has no competition until someone tries to capture the trade from him. And the only way the competitor can gain a footing is by turning out an article as good as, if not better than, his rival's, at a cheaper price; because, unless sufficient inducement presents itself, no buyer will change his market. So it was with England

## BRITAIN AT WAR.

### How Christmas Should Be Spent by Those Left at Home.

#### WHAT ABOUT THE CHILDREN?

SEVERAL times this year I have suggested to my friends that Christmas should only be very quietly celebrated, and that our money should be spent on those at the front rather than on over-eating at home.

The reply often is: "Ah! but what about the children? They look forward to Christmas so." That is all very well, and in any ordinary year I might agree with the argument—but now can one agree with it this year? Ought not the children of well-to-do parents sometimes be taught a little self-denial? Might they not sometimes learn that life is not all presents and pleasure? One rarely meets with children who have any sense of these things nowadays, and I cannot help thinking that this year even for children Christmas ought to be a very much smaller festival of presents and sweets than usual. Let the children be told that the money that is usually spent on them has this year been sent to some of our brave men at the front. Surely this will not be in any way unkind at a time like this.

M. L. F.  
Stirling-road, Bournemouth.

#### ONE MEAL A DAY.

MOST of us at home have our three or four big meals a day—sometimes five.

Yet we apparently hold that one meal a day is sufficient for our sturdy men—at any rate, for recruits.

True, they have breakfast—of a sort. Then, in the middle of the day, they have dinner. That may be a square meal. But, after that, they are offered nothing that the average civilian would call a full meal unless you give that name to their tea.

With all this, how well the men are! Does it not prove that we all eat too much?

R. M.  
Rockleaze-road, Bristol.

#### THE SEASON OF OVER-EATING.

SURELY it is a mistake to believe, as so many people appear to do, that we habitually overeat at Christmas. Apart from a few children, from whom one can hardly expect wisdom, I am certain that the majority of people are far too sensible to do anything of the kind. FESTIVITY.

#### RELIGION AND WAR.

SO many people are looking for the Prince of Peace to set up a temporal kingdom—"My Kingdom is not of this world." "The Kingdom of God is within you."

If we receive the Prince of Peace into our hearts this Christmas, though war may rage around us, although earthquakes may remove mountains, disasters, explosions and social upheavals of unspeakable character may try our faith, in quietness and confidence shall be our strength, and we shall realise the peace of God in ourselves.

E. COURTNEY WELLS.

#### IN MY GARDEN.

DEC. 11.—The jasmynes are attractive hardy climbers and ought to be found in all gardens.

The winter-flowering jasmine (nudiflorum) is now opening, and soon its leafless shoots will be smothered with bright yellow flowers. The growths should be cut before the blooms have developed, for they open splendidly in water. Let this climber be planted in various positions—facing north and south—for then flowers will always be available for gathering.

The popular white jasminum (officinale) and its larger-flowered form (affine) bloom in the summer, and are always welcome on sunny walls.

E. F. T.

#### A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Opportunities are very sensitive things; if you slight them on their first visit, you seldom see them again.—Rushin.

## "ON" OR "IN"—BIG WILLIE'S LITTLE SLIP.



"Our future is on the water." So spake the Kaiser some years before the war. It looks as though he had meant something else.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

in which it is stated there are 40,000 thrown out of work in London alone, can you tell me why they should be unemployed?

I am a naval officer's wife and have a comfortable house, and am quite alone except for an occasional visitor, and yet cannot get a general servant at £20 a year, and I am one of dozens in a similar plight. Why should we subscribe to help women when there are vacancies in dozens they could fill, and yet will not? K.

Southsea.

#### NO PROGRESS.

CAN you spare a little space to enable me to ask Prince Joseph Camillus exactly what the difference is between cannibals and, say, a Prussian officer? It seems to me that the only distinction is that the former eat their victims and the latter do not.

Murder is murder, whether it is accomplished by means of bone knives or "black Maria's."

I beg, upon very good evidence, to contradict your correspondent. There is nothing to prove that man has progressed during the last two

and Germany. England, having had such an advantage with her Colonies and gigantic mercantile marine, the German's only chance to build up a foreign trade was to cut prices or raise standards, or both.

If "Business" will stop to think he will see that this is the basis of trade relations the world over.

V. D. F.

#### THE SOLDIER'S LASS.

Go, fetch to me a pint o' wine,  
And fill it in a silver tasette;  
That I may drink before I go  
A service to my bonnie lassie.  
The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith,  
Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the Ferry;  
The ship rides by the Berwick-law,  
And I maun leave my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,  
The glittering spears are ranked ready;  
The shouts o' war are heard afar,  
The battle closes deep and bloody;  
It's na the roar o' sea or shore,  
Wad mak me langer wish to tarry!  
Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar,  
It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary!

—R. BUXTON.



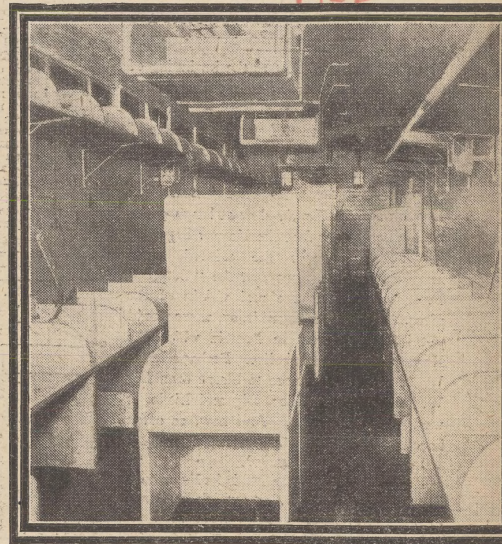
## STEAM BATHS ON RUSSIAN HOSPITAL TRAINS: AGED P

P. 150 W

P. 72 E

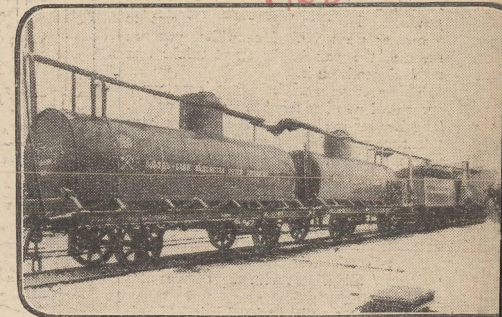


The Grand Duke Nicholas reviewing Cossacks. The men describe themselves as "his children." The picture gives a good idea of the Grand Duke's giant proportions.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



Everything is done for the comfort of the Russian wounded. This picture shows a Russian steam bath fitted to a hospital train.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

P. 72 E



Tanks in which the steam is generated for the Russian soldiers' steam baths.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

P. 150 W

## CANADIANS' NEW FILTER.

P. 6180 C



New pattern of Japanese field service water-filter, which the Canadian soldiers on Salisbury Plain are using.

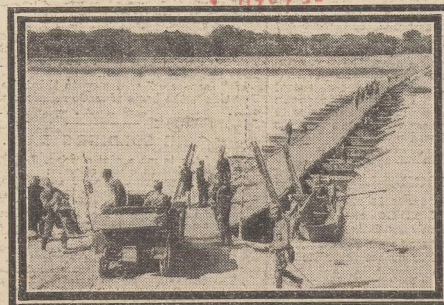
## REUNION AT THE FRONT.

P. 11771



Private Peter Baird and his son, Lance-Corporal Peter Baird, who met by chance in a camp in France and wrote a joint letter home.

P. 11909 A



This is the only means of crossing the Danube from Servia to Austria and vice versa, all the bridges having been destroyed.



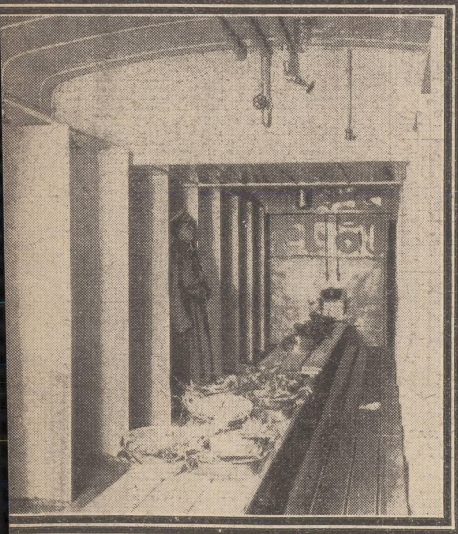
Aged Russian priest tells how, without aid, he took charge of the wounded for the fact that the Austrians, who have surrendered in thousands, are listening to his story with interest.



# T WHO, UNAIDED, GUARDED 500 AUSTRIAN PRISONERS.

9.72 E

9.11909



er picture showing the steam bath in the train. The men stand compartments. It is something like a Turkish bath.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

9.72 E



A big haul of Austrian prisoners. They fill an entire street. In the majority of cases the men seem tired of the war and are glad to be captured.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



which the Austrians evacuated in a hurry. It is full of shells.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



ers. Such a statement would sound incredible were it not to escape. The Grand Duke Nicholas is sitting beside the Daily Mirror photograph.)

## DUCHESS EQUIPS HOSPITAL.

P. 560



The Duchess (marked with a cross) and members of the nursing staff. The hospital has accommodation for 250 men, and every bed has a patient.

P. 560



The Duchess of Westminster's hospital at Le Touquet, France. It is a favourite watering-place with the British. Snow, it will be seen, has been falling heavily.

## MUFFS FOR EVENING WEAR.



Draped gown of black velvet and ermine. It is now fashionable to carry a large muff with evening dress.—(Taibot.)



Xmas Presents

# DUNVILLE'S

## V R WHISKY



Insist on seeing:  
"BOTTLED BY DUNVILLE & CO., LTD."  
on the Capsule and Back label  
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THE EMPIRE  
TRIMMER.



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Bands.

2/6

In velvet-lined case.

Engraved  
A STITCH FOR  
THE RED, WHITE  
AND BLUE.



SERVICE RING, Enamelled with Flag of one of the Allies.  
Also used in sets of six. State Flag required.

2/6 EACH.

THE ALLIES PENCIL. JUST THE THING FOR THOSE ON SERVICE.



FOR 'A SCRAP OF PAPER' 1914

PATRIOTIC BUTTERFLY  
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the Allies Colours. 1/6

### UNITED FLAG PRINCE OF WALES BROOCHES.



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3 or 4 tins serve  
a family for a  
whole year.

### FREE SHOES!



Money returned if not satisfied.

THE IMPERIAL BOOT CO., (Dept. D.M.), ST. JOHN'S AVENUE, LEICESTER.

### PERSONAL.

MILLS.—Address me confidential to help me.—Newson.

EMAD.—Always thinking, dearie. Hoping someday. All love.—Boy.

ECONOMISER.—Come home at once: Cissie seriously ill. Urgent.—Mills.

MY Darling.—Hope to go to F in January. An Revolver. Always unchanged.—

MIZ-P-A.—Longing to hear how and where you are. Address same.—Marguerite.

FISHER.—Will Ma please communicate with Leslie. H.M.S. Cosack, C.O. G.P.O., London.

LIETT. L. C. MOOR-RADFORD, 1st South Staffordshire Regt., reported wounded and missing October 22. Information gratefully received by Mrs. and Mrs. Alfred Moor-RADFORD, 83a, Holland Park, London.

HAIR permanently removed from face with electricity. Ladies only.—Florence Wood, 105, Regent St., W.

### DAILY BARGAINS.

Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines.

### Dresses.

A style and work perfection; supreme value, genuinely high quality; our every statement reliable; instant approval.—Mrs. H. H. Second, 21, Queen's Road, A. Trousean—24 Nightdresses, knickers, chemises, petticoats, etc.; 25s.; easy payments.—Wood, 21, Queen's Road, E. Handley, 43, White, colored, from 2s. 6d. doz.; emb'd. Pillow and Cushion Cases, 1s. 6d. each; factory direct; aprons, 4s. 6d.; gowns, 12s. 6d.; gowns, 12s. 6d.; Nursing Corsets with Belt, 7s. 11d.; Maternity Blouses (Overcoats), 12s. 6d.; Maternity Gowns, 12s. 6d.; Maternity Specialists, 53, North-Parade, Manchester.

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A CUTLERY.—Very celebrated A.1 silver plate; finest Sheffield Knives, carvers, etc. in oak box; ideal wedding outfit; perfectly new; approved by Messrs. H. H. Second, 21, Queen's Road, E. BABY Cars from Factory on approval, carriage paid; no shop profits; cash or easy payments; see for lovely catalogue, post free, and save money.—Godia Carriage Co. (Dept. 35), Coventry.

EXTRA LAD and Bagatelle Tables.—A Large Stock of B New and Second-hand Tables always on hand; also Convertible Billiard and Dining Tables.—Write for List.

D. D. 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## HAVE YOU BEGUN THIS SPLENDID AND POWERFUL STORY YET?

## THE TWO LETTERS

The Story of a Girl's Temptation.

By META SIMMINS.

"Love looks  
not with  
the eyes,  
but with  
the mind."

New Readers Begin Here.  
CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

**SYLVIA CRAVEN**, a beautiful girl of twenty-two, with considerable force of character. She is liable to be affected by her emotions, but she also has a clear head, which helps to balance matters.

**VALERIE CRAVEN**, Sylvia's elder sister. They are very much alike in look, but not in temperament. Valerie is worldly and selfish.

**JOHN HILLIER**, a quiet, strong man of thirty, who is capable of very deep affection. Any thing underhand is abhorrent to him.

**SYLVIA CRAVEN** is trying to complete an exquisite piece of embroidery at the antique lace establishment of Mrs. Cunliffe, in Sloane-street. Her head is bent over her work, but she is being pestered by Stanhope Lane, a relative of Mrs. Cunliffe. As she speaks he catches hold of the girl's wrist and draws her towards him steadily.

There is a movement behind the half-closed door: a girl's faint cry and a man's half-smothered exclamation. Very quietly Mrs. Cunliffe enters. Mrs. Cunliffe is fully aware that it is not the girl's fault, but she is white with rage and jealousy—jealousy of Sylvia's attractions for Lane and of her youth and looks. She refuses to let Sylvia go. "I have no other use of your services, Miss Craven," she says, with tight-drawn lips. "And it will be useless for you to refer any future employment to me."

Sick at heart and utterly miserable, Sylvia goes home to tell her sister Valerie, with whom she lives, of the disaster that has happened.

On the mantelpiece there is a photograph of a man with steadfast eyes and a calm, strong face. With a little childish impulse, Sylvia goes up to it and brushes her lips across the glass. You have made me feel better, you have strengthened me. You always do," she says, with a little laugh.

It is the photograph of John Hillier, to whom Valerie is engaged. For some years he has been out in India making a home for her. In a short while they are to be married.

To Sylvia John Hillier is the one man of all men on earth. He stands to her for all that is fine and splendid. She has a deep-down affection for him which she is forced to keep to herself. He is a man who would never allow anyone.

As she turns away she catches sight of two letters on the table. One of them, she is surprised to see, is in Valerie's writing. As she reads she gets a terrible shock. For Valerie calmly writes to say that she was married that morning to Sir George Clair. The other letter is from John Hillier! As she reads her heart sickens within her.

"Beloved, the world has fallen about my ears, and I sit here to write a last letter to you before the darkness swallows me up for ever. John Hillier has been blinded by a blasting operation, and his work-day life is finished. But I can't give you up, Valerie, I cry, I am a coward, and I'm blind and useless, but I can't give you up."

Sylvia sits there frozen with horror and pain. She has opened a letter of Valerie's by mistake. The ghastliness of the situation stuns her. John Hillier blind and fitted. Then, as she sits there, a temptation speeds swiftly-winged into her heart. She is alone and practically destitute. John Hillier is alone and wants love. She could give it—she knows now that she has always loved him. She and Valerie are alike, and their voices are very similar.

"If I come out to you, Jack," she cries, "you need never know."

On the verandah of a bungalow in Magalla, India, John Hillier is sitting in an attitude of intense listening, as he has been sitting for many days. Suddenly he hears a faint noise. "Who's there?" he demands sharply.

"It is Valerie," says a girl's voice, almost in a whisper. Hillier believes it to be Valerie, and the deception is kept up. Sylvia alters the whole world for him, and he finds that there is something to live for after all. A week or two passes, and they are married very quietly.

As she returns to the bungalow after the ceremony she finds an amazing letter from Valerie, in which she says that she is on her way out to India to join Hillier!

The next thing Sylvia hears, to her horror, is that an English girl has arrived, and is on her way to the bungalow.

## THE COMING OF VALERIE.

If she wished to intercept Valerie there was no time to lose, Sylvia told herself. Every moment brought the danger nearer—at any moment one of the servants might tell Jack of the impending visitor, and ruin all her plans.

But there was something she must do first. Very quietly Sylvia ran down the corridor and tapped lightly at the grass screen curtain over the door of Hillier's den. He was standing at

the window when she went in, and he did not turn.

"Jack!"—she went up to him and laid her hands on his shoulders—"I'm frightfully sorry for being so snarly-yarly just now. But I'm not quite myself this morning, and there is something that I want to get over. Will you let me write those letters later—will you?"

There was a wistful note in her voice. Ah, if he only knew with what infinite joy she would tramp barefooted to the world's edge for him!

You weren't in the least snarly-yarly."

Valerie was a little stiff, for all the effort that he was putting upon himself. When he had gone out—hastily from the drawing-room his feeling had been that of some patient and affectionate animal that has been struck sharply and unexpectedly by a familiar hand.

It was natural enough, of course, that already the intolerable boredom of a blind man's company was beginning to tell upon her.

It is I who owe you an apology for seeming to expect you to be always at my beck and call."

"Jack, Jack—if you love me don't speak like that!"

His voice was sharp with pain. With a swift passionate movement she bent her head and passed her face against the smooth surface of his sleeve. It came to him that she was weeping.

Valerie, you dear little fool. Why, you're not crying—"

He tried to detain her, but she broke away from him. He heard the light sound of her hurrying footsteps along the verandah, heard the rustle into the silence.

Tears blinded Sylvia's eyes still as she went out through the compound, and she was actually unconscious of them.

The road wound past it. Past the fallen white walls of the temple gay and bright in the sunlight, past too, a glint of water, wonderful and unexpected, with a soft edging of lush green vegetation and here among the hills at this hour; the air was light and pleasant, if a little dry from its passage over the stony deserts beyond the hills. On any other errand than this which sent her hurrying along the road which had been cut out of the living side of the mountain such a golden morning would have filled the girl with sheer delight to be alive.

Nappur, remote and deserted now for all the coming of the road, had once been the dwelling-place of kings. The ruins of palace and temple stood out against the skyline; the palace a crumbling heap of fallen masonry, gleaming white against its background of grey and purple hills, but the temple was largely intact, though deserted, set about by a glowing wilderness of garden, with a great ascending flight of steps worn hollow by the tread of countless generations of naked feet.

The road wound past it. Past the fallen white walls of the temple gay and bright in the sunlight, past too, a glint of water, wonderful and unexpected, with a soft edging of lush green vegetation and here among the hills at this hour; the air was light and pleasant, if a little dry from its passage over the stony deserts beyond the hills. On any other errand than this which sent her hurrying along the road which had been cut out of the living side of the mountain such a golden morning would have filled the girl with sheer delight to be alive.

Women were clustered about the water's edge who stared at her as she went; their robes made glowing spots of light against the background of ruined temple and grey water—dull, red, and crimson, indigo, soft and dark, as a summer night's sky, with here and there a splash of delicate saffron.

But for Sylvia, ruined palace and crumbling temple, or the glint of water under the sky, all that she saw was the blind, helpless, and charming. Her eyes were strained for one sight only—the dust cloud that heralded the slow moving tonga that was crawling towards her along the road.

John Hillier had been destined to bring ruin and disaster into her life, as it had brought darkness into the life of the man she loved.

The sunlight cast her shadow before her as she stepped into the dark and menacing, and the advancing shadow was not less conscious of the living woman, of how the coming interview would begin or terminate.

There was only one coherent thought in Sylvia Hillier's heart—Jack—and the manner in which the shock, the inevitable shock of hearing the truth, might be softened for him.

And along the road where the white dust had been churned ankle deep by the bullocks' hoofs the long, dark, ever nearer. Drawn out by bullocks, but by prehistorically ancient-looking, yellow ponies.

The creaking of its harness was audible to her now, mingling with the continuous murmuring of the doves that thronged the trees about the temple gardens.

Then, in almost amazingly matter-of-fact fashion, this meeting which she had dreaded day and night, since her wedding day, when she had opened and read Valerie's letter, took place.

She signalled to the driver, and the tonga stopped. The yellow ponies, looking as though they would instantly collapse if a prop were not forthcoming, settled themselves as though for slumber.

From the tonga, Sylvia saw her sister's face looking at her with startled surprise, out of the cloud of white gauze with which her head and hat was enveloped.

So in very truth Valerie had come at last.

## THE TWO SISTERS.

"SYLVIA—it is Sylvia, I suppose—I'm not quite mad yet, though this vehicle is enough to make one so!"

To Sylvia it was obvious that even at the outset Valerie was playing a part—was not entirely natural, at least.

"Yes, I expect I'm rather a surprising person to meet in the wilderness of the hills," she re-

sponded, striving to speak lightly, too. And somewhere within her head the real Sylvia—the woman whose tears had dropped on Hillier's sleeve ten minutes since—sat wondering and amazed that such lightness should be possible.

"I wonder if I can move—give me your hand," Valerie said. With an effort she descended from the tonga and stood beside Sylvia on the road.

Movement after eight hours in more or less the same position is not only painful but extremely difficult.

"This is a notable change in your plans,"

Sylvia said. Is Sir George Clair with you?" Her eyes met Valerie's steadily. She saw a wave of colour pass swiftly over her sister's face. Valerie was very like her—more beautiful, perhaps, in a statuesque way, and her colouring was utterly different. Her skin was very fine and very white. As she flushed the blood seemed to glow behind it.

"No," she answered, and her beautiful voice was distinctly toneless.

Did you leave him at Magalla?"

Once again that flicker of amazement passed through Sylvia that, standing, as she did, on the thin crust of a volcano, she could speak so calmly without a suspicion of well-simulated contempt—of Sir George Clair—speak as though she had never read that letter which her sister had written to Jack.

Valerie's eyes, very deep and darkly blue, were persistently turned from her sister's face.

"No," she said again.

There were two or three seconds of complete silence. The driver of the tonga and his ponies seemed to have fallen asleep simultaneously. There was no sound of life on the road, no sound of the surrounding hills and a sheer drop to the valley, where the thread of a river crawled slowly to join the lake that lay beyond the bend of the hill.

Presently on the silence rose a small sound, the beating of a very distant single drum. But to Sylvia's imagination the sound seemed to grow and swell, monotonous and mournful, the sound of a complaining voice of the East that speaks a language not to be understood by Western ears.

"Sylvia—you're with Jack, I suppose?"

Valerie's voice broke the silence, and the sound of the drum dwindled into the distance again for Sylvia. She nodded.

I've been detestably anxious all the way up. I've heard such extraordinary—such impossible rumours, that Jack's blind. Jack blind—that isn't thinkable. Another—that he is married."

"It is quite true, Jack is blind," Sylvia's voice was extraordinarily unemotional. "There was a terrible accident—some mishap with blasting operations—his eyes were hopelessly blind."

"Sylvia, oh, my poor boy. How thankful I am that I have been able to come to him! It's a blessing that he has had you with him—but how could you do you come? And, of course, the other story is merely a wild legend!"

"No; that story is true also. Jack is married."

Valerie did not move or speak for a moment. She came to Sylvia fantastically that she looked like a woman who had been turned, not stone, but to an image of snow. Her face was drained of colour; it looked out, strange and stricken, from the white veil that, folded about her, hung over the rough white frieze coat to her very feet.

"Sylvia, it isn't true. You're playing with me—you want to punish me, as if I hadn't been punished bitterly enough already. But—really the truth! You don't know what it means to me."

The quick, excited voice died down. With a sudden change of expression Valerie's eyes left her sister's face and travelled to the slim left hand that hung loosely by her side, with the band of Hillier's wedding ring gleaming palely in the sun.

"What's this?" She caught Sylvia's hand in a fierce grip. "What does this mean? Oh, no—no—it couldn't be possible. Or—is it true—you thief?"

It was strange how almost instantly they had reached the heart of the thing that was between them, these women who had parted under such strange conditions, who circled each other like a fierce Indian sky, the child had grown into a woman who was fighting now for all that the world held most dear to her—the man she loved and his peace and happiness.

"And if it were true, what right have you to speak to me so!" she demanded. "What have I stolen—the man whose heart you tried to break? Why have you come here to stir up badness and strife? Where is your husband?"

"I have no husband."

There was a look in Valerie's eyes that appalled Sylvia. For the first time the possibility of the Valerie also might suffer through her fraud came to her.

"But your letter?" she breathed.

"That was a mistake. The whole thing was arranged so that, for one day, I found out before it was too late. But it's not my part to explain—tell me what has happened. Hadn't Jack Hillier any shame that he was ready to pick up one sister when the other was so true?"

"Why did you write that letter? Why, there was a whole week

(Continued on page 11.)

## CANCER.

GREAT SUCCESS OF NEW  
POTASSIUM TREATMENT.

A little over two years ago a well-known London surgeon and recognised authority on cancer created wide-world interest in the discovery that cancer is due to a deficiency of potassium "salts" in the body, which causes the cells to "break down" and become malignant. The "Pall Mall Gazette," July 26, 1912, quoted:

"... he is able in the most emphatic way to define cancer as a deficiency of potassium 'salts' in the body, and to assert with proofs in support that if this deficiency is remedied cancer, no matter how far advanced it may be, will retrograde. ... A cancer that could not be touched by a surgeon I have seen (he said) in about six weeks disappear utterly and completely."

In order that every sufferer from cancer may learn all about the wonderful "potassium treatment,"

## A REMARKABLE BOOK.

has been specially written. This will be sent free of charge to patients or anyone who is interested in the latest and most successful method of fighting "Cancer Scourge."

The following selection from the list of chapters will give some idea of the thoroughness with which this little work has been prepared.

**The Limitations of Surgery.**

**Some Doctors Oppose Operation.**

**What Cancer Is.**

**Why the Body-cells Break Down.**

**Injurious Cooking Methods.**

**Common Errors in Diet.**

**Dr. Forbes Ross's Book on Cancer.**

**The Chief Minerals of the Body.**

**The Thymus Gland.**

**The Age when Lime begins to Accumulate.**

**Potassium Cancer-Preventing Action.**

**Important Points to Remember.**

**Parts of Body most Liable to Cancer.**

**Paras which are Seldom Affected.**

**How a Doctor Can Help You.**

**How to Avoid Cancer.**

**Statements Made by Medical Men.**

With this book will be sent a number of interesting case-reports, proving the great value of the "potassium treatment" in various cases of cancer.

No sufferer should neglect to apply at once. The treatment is simple and inexpensive, and, moreover, possesses the great advantage that it can easily be followed in one's own home.

Applications should be made to post-card will do to the Secretary, The Natural C.C. Co., 150, Twickenham, Middlesex.—(Advt.)

## LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

**AMBASSADORS**—At 8.15. Mats. To-day and Thurs. 2.30. "ODDS AND ENDS." Review by Harry Gratian, preceded by Miss Hanaka in "OTAKA."

**APOLLO**—At 2.30 and 8.30. Mats. Weds. Thurs. Sat. CHARLES HAWTREY in A MESSAGE FROM MARS.

**COMEDY**—Eves. 8.15. The "Circus" presents MISS LAURETTE TAYLOR in PEGGY MY HEART.

**DALY'S**, Leicester-square. To-day, at 2 and 8. Mats. Weds. and Thurs. 2.30. Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS' Production, A COUNTRY GIRL (Special Reduced Prices).

**DUKE OF YORKS**. Every Evening (except Wednesdays). 8.15. Last 2 weeks of the "Circus" presents THE LITTLE MINISTER, by J. M. Barrie. Matinee, 2.30. Weds. and Thurs. 2.30. Eves. 8.15.

**GARRICK**. At 2.30 and 8. The DOUBLE MYSTERY. Mats. Weds. Thurs. Sat. at 2.30. (76th time).

**ROBERT HORNER** presents THE LAST PERFORMANCE.

**KINGSWAY**. At 2.30 and 8. Mats. Weds. Sat. 2.30. The DYNASTY, by Harold Pinter.

**ROYALTY**. The MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME, by Leatrice Weller, and THE HAROLD PINTER.

**ST. JAMES'S**. At 2.30 and 8. Mats. Weds. Sat. 2.30. The MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME, by Leatrice Weller, and THE HAROLD PINTER.

**THEATRE ROYAL, PATENT**. Eves. at 8 (Mon. excepted).

**THEATRE ROYAL, PATENT**. Eves. at 8 (Mon. excepted).

**MAT. WEDS. AND THURS.** at 2. Seats 1s. to 7s. 6d.

**GEORGE ALFRED**. Eves. 8.15. The MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME, by Leatrice Weller, and THE HAROLD PINTER.

**SCALA**—KIMCROFT. Eves. 8.15. The MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME, by Leatrice Weller, and THE HAROLD PINTER.

**THEATRE ROYAL, PATENT**. Eves. at 8 (Mon. excepted).

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# THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP



Mrs. Lloyd George.

**Mrs. Lloyd George.**  
Mrs. Lloyd George, wife of the Chancellor, is appropriately enough taking upon herself the task of organising a supply of warm comforts for the men of the Welsh Army Corps. From 11, Downing-street, a little note reached me yesterday, which reads: "Mrs. Lloyd George appeals for warm comforts for men of the Welsh Army Corps stationed at Llandudno, Colwyn Bay and Rhyl. They are in need of shirts, socks, mittens, cuffs and cardigan jackets, also tobacco and pipes. All contributions in money and kind will be gratefully received by Mrs. Lloyd George, 11, Downing-street, Westminster, S.W."

## Made It a Home.

Those who know the Chancellor's wife will realise that the Welsh recruits are going to be well looked after. She is, above all things, a housewife of the rare and old-fashioned kind. I heard a great tribute paid to her by an old parliamentarian once. "She is the only woman I have ever known who has turned an official residence into a home," he said, speaking of the atmosphere that prevails at 11, Downing-street.

## Rumours by the Way.

I was lunching yesterday with a friend who has just returned from Russia, where he has been for some weeks past with the General Staff just behind the fighting line. He tells me many things that I may not tell you, but things are going very nicely out in the eastern theatre of war. He made the journey home by a circuitous route through Sweden, and he tells me that on the way he heard rumours of British disasters that amounted in the aggregate to the sinking of the whole British Fleet.

## What Sweden Has Been Told.

In Russia, he says, you get very little news of any kind, and what you do get is old. When you reach Sweden you get the residue of three months' rumours. The Swedish Press is most carefully fed by the Germans. In Sweden he heard of the sinking of the Thunderer, the Dreadnought, the Iron Duke, several battle squadrons and a whispered bombardment of London. Crossing the frontier into Norway the rumours were reduced; he met there denials mostly. Then he reached England, and they were shouting the glad news of the Falkland Islands affair in the streets, and for the first time for days he felt cheerful.

## Only Hard Workers Wanted.

The Russian military organisation is splendid, my friend says. There is an iron grip over it all that will not tolerate even nurses who are not prepared to face the roughest side of things. Recently a batch of sixty nurses arrived at the front from Petrograd. They were inspected by the Grand Duke Nicholas, who asked, "Which of you wish to nurse the officers?" Some thirty women stepped forward. The next day they were sent back to Petrograd as unsuitable, only those who had the care of the men at heart being retained.

## The Quickest Quick Lunch.

Have you ever seen a man eat raw eggs and enjoy them? I have. He is a soldier friend home from the front. In the big retreat from Mons he told me you had to get your food when you could—it was nourishment you sought, not dainty dishes. "I found," he said, "I could nearly always get eggs at the farms we passed, and I knew that I wanted all my strength, so I used to buy eggs, crack them on my teeth and swallow the contents whole."

## Looks Horrible.

"It kept me as strong as any man in my brigade, and, as a matter of fact, I grew to like raw eggs taken that way; so I'm keeping up the diet—it's useful and quick." With that he gave me a demonstration. It looked horrible, but it certainly was a quick and nourishing way of taking lunch.

## No 1915 Boat Race?

War has stopped most sport, and there is, at present, little prospect, a Cambridge correspondent tells me, of the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race being held next spring. So many rowing men are serving with the colours that the trial eights, from which oarsmen are chosen to represent their Varsity, have not been held this term. It is thus possible that 1915 will see the first break for just sixty years.

## How Long Since the Last?

Those guns which, despite the Admiralty's lack of official knowledge, seem to have been fired in real earnest from Dover on Thursday morning, must be counted historic, for they are the first to be fired in anger from an English fort for, who can tell me, how many years?

## When Walce Was Invaded.

I suppose in the old war days of 100 years ago a cheeky privateer or a frigate would occasionally sail in under the guns of our Channel ports and fire a defiant shot; but there certainly has been no organised raid on a British port since, nor perhaps for many years before. I rather think that the fruitless raid on the Welsh coast near Fishguard in 1797 was the last occasion upon which guns were fired in earnest in these islands.

## Why They Came.

We were talking of the mystery of the Dover raid yesterday, but a wag explains to me that there was no mystery about it at all. The Kaiser had vowed to be at Calais on December 10, and the skippers of the submarines naturally thought he would keep his word and be at Dover on the next day, so they just put into the port as they were passing to see how the victorious German Army was getting on. They must have been frightfully annoyed at their inhospitable reception, he thinks.

## An Unconfirmed Report.

I am informed on the best authority that the death has taken place of her Majesty Queen Anne of glorious memory.

(This statement has been submitted to the Press Bureau, which has no confirmation of the report, although it permits its publication.)

## Applicants Force Us Back.

You and I, who are trying to supply footballs to the men at the front and in the camps, had a bad time yesterday. We had to yield ground, much ground. The applicants' reinforcements numbered seventy yesterday. Seventy men—many of them at the front—representing probably 3,000 men, have written to us for footballs. We shall want that third hundred badly.

## We Must Meet Them.

I have received up to date 238 balls, thanks to the generosity of my readers. All but one of those will have been sent out by this morning—over 200 had gone last night—and now we are faced with a deficiency of some sixty, and more applications will be coming by the next post. So we really must get that third hundred at once. Don't you think so?

## Thanks from the Front.

Yesterday I had a number of acknowledgments from the front. The 49th Battery R.F.A. wrote to say that already two games had been played with the ball I sent early in the week. D Company of the 8th East Surreys writes: "If you had seen the unpacking of the parcel and heard the cheer that went up, both your kind reader and yourself would have been pleased you had sent it."

## Sixty-two More, Please.

No, we must go ahead, you and I, and satisfy the rest of the applicants. The "boys," as they nearly always call themselves, are doing our work, so let us help them to play. Sixty-two more footballs, please, for the pleasure of "Mr. Atkins."

## A Kind-Hearted Scot.

The London Scottish in France are laughing—so I learn from a letter I received from a brave Scot yesterday—over the wasted energy of one of their number who was found the other morning greasing his bayonet with boracic ointment. He says he mistook it for vaseline. His companions maintain that it was done out of kind-heartedness to the bayonet. He wanted to give it a healing unguent before sticking it into a German.

## "The Man Who Stayed at Home."

There were all sorts of thrills at the Royalty Theatre, where "The Man Who Stayed at Home," Messrs. Lechmere Worrall and J. E. Harold Terry's spy play, was produced on Thursday. The comment of the man next to me was, "It's a good job the authors are authors and not spies!" and he was right, for they have evolved the most ingenious ways of communicating with the enemy. I hope no unregistered enemy will take the tip. For a good evening's amusement and excitement I can recommend the newest Vedrenne and Eadie production.

## The Sorceress of the "Metro."

On Wednesday, says my Paris Gossip, two people on the "Metro" were discussing the war. Said one of them sadly: "It will be a long affair." At that moment a lady approached them and said: "Excuse me for intruding, but I should like to reassure you. The war will be at an end in seven weeks." An officer alongside smiled incredulously.

## I Hope She Is Right.

"You are wrong to smile," said the unknown, "peace will be signed in seven times seven days, as sure as you have eight francs five centimes in your pocket." The officer, taken aback, put his hand in his pocket and counted his money. Sure enough he had that exact sum to a "sou." Immediately everybody in the compartment crowded round the sorceress, demanding her address. But at that moment the train stopped and—she got out and disappeared.

## Quaint "Advice."

A really quaint little notice, written by a good Belgian mayor in English, has been sent to me by an officer who found it posted up in Locre—a small country town in Belgium. Well intentioned as the "bourgeois" was, he had no right to put up the notice, as the town was under military and not municipal rule, and so my officer friend was in duty bound to remove it. Headed "Advice" (notice) it runs:—

## English "Austerity."

"According to the English austerity, it is defended that the soldiers take wood to the bakers under pain of lawsuit, because they put the bakers in danger, so that they could not make bread for the inhabitants."

## What It Means.

I suppose it means that the soldiers are closely watched by German spies or air scouts, who direct their comrades' fire wherever British soldiers are seen to be moving. Thus, if the soldiers get among the bakers the latter are likely to receive shot and shell intended for the former. Of course, the inhabitants would find the bread supply run short if the bakers were either killed or terrified.

## CROSS, FEVERISH, BILIOUS CHILDREN NEED "CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS."

Look, Mother! See if the tongue is coated; this denotes sluggish liver and bowels.

Mother! Your child isn't naturally cross and peevish. See if the tongue is coated; this is a sure sign that its little stomach, liver and bowels need attention at once.

When listless, pale, feverish, "stuffy" with cold, throat sore; when the child has tainted breath and doesn't eat, sleep or act naturally, or has stomach-ache or diarrhoea, remember, a gentle liver and bowel cleansing should always be the first treatment given.

Nothing equals "California Syrup of Figs" for children's ills; give a teaspoonful, and in a

## The Kabaka's Offer.

I wonder if the Germans are still waiting to see the tributary princes of the British Empire rise in revolt against the accursed British yoke. If so, the Kabaka of Buganda, a youthful East African monarch, is the latest disappointment. He and the chiefs of his country have petitioned to be allowed to come with 500 warriors to do their share in fighting the German.

The Kabaka of Buganda.

## A Gilded Chair-Throne.

One of my colleagues once visited the Kabaka in his African palace. It was, he says, a neat and unpretentious building of thatch and grass matting, clean and well ordered, with a small throne-room, in the centre of which was a gilt chair or throne. The Kabaka has been brought up entirely with English tutors, and he speaks English excellently, and is thoroughly imbued with English ideas.

## Plays Golf and Takes Photographs.

Last year the young monarch—he is not yet twenty—came to England on a visit. He played a lot of golf, a game which he had already learnt on his private course at home, and he developed a great fondness for photography. One of the features of his visit was a tour of the cotton towns of Lancashire. Cotton is one of the products of his own country, and he was particularly interested in seeing the last stages of manufacture of the material which he knows so well in the raw.

## Offers All He Has.

The young King seems to have carried back with him many happy memories of England and of King George, to whom he paid a state visit. He refers to his enjoyable visit in his offer of service to the Empire. As a result his loyalty has been consolidated, and he offers all that he has to help the King Emperor at this time of crisis. — THE RAMBLER.

## Good Living for All—and Cheap!

A very delicious dish, wholesome and full of nutriment, is Stewed Prunes or Figs served with

## Bird's the Nutritious Custard.

Without the use of a single egg, you obtain with BIRD'S Custard a creamy richness which is simply a revelation, and the cost per person is trifling.

Serve the BIRD'S Custard with the prunes, when freshly made and hot; or, if preferred, well whisked and cold.

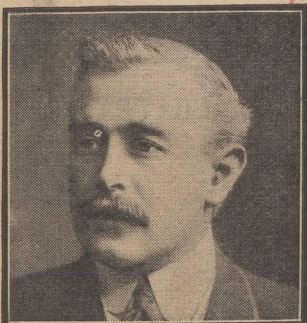
Method.—Take 1 lb. of Prunes, or Figs, and well rinse in cold water, soak in a pint of water for six hours, or all night; add 1/2 pint water, 1/2 lb. for the Figs, a tablespoonful of lemon juice, and bake slowly in a jar for 14 hours, or until tender.

BIRD'S—the all British Custard. 2 pints for 14d. 4d. & 7d. Boxes. Large 8 1/2 Tins.





# NEW ADMINISTRATOR OF ST. LUCIA.



The Hon. Charles Gideon Murray, who has just been appointed Administrator and Colonial Secretary of St. Lucia in succession to Mr. W. Douglas Young. The second picture shows his wife.—(Lafayette)



## The Two Letters.

(Continued from page 9.)

afterwards before I left London, more than a week—why didn't you explain? This will kill Jack, that's all. You don't understand the half of the truth. I'm Jack's wife, yes. But to him I'm not—Sylvia—I'm you!"

"So you stole my name as well as my love?"

"Yes, if you can call it stealing. When your letter came it was just the end of the world to me. I never doubted that you were married, Valerie, the piteous voice broke and trembled."

"Then a letter came from Jack—hearing—written in the moment when blindness was coming on him. He implored you to come to him. . . . It was a letter he never meant that you should see—just a cry from his very heart, but when he collapsed the doctor found it. He sent it on to you—begging you to come if Jack's life and reason were to be saved. And you weren't there, Valerie. . . . You had married another man. . . ."

"What right had you to open my letters?"

"I thought it was for me. The address was indistinct. But what does that matter now? There's only one thing matters—Jack. What are you going to do Valerie? Oh, can't we find some way out? He mustn't know—he mustn't know. . . ."

"So you lied and tricked a blind man. You stole Jack away from me when I needed him, when he was the only thing the world had left me. And now what is it that you want? That I should lie and trick, too?"

"There was scorn in the voice that was like a whip-lash about Sylvia's heart. Her eyes strove to meet her sister's in appeal, then fell before the look that flashed at her from their blue depths—a look that was almost hatred."

"There was something in that look that made Sylvia bitterly afraid."

"Valerie, it's not for myself that I am pleading. I'll go away—I'll do what you will. Only—at least not yet—Jack must not be undecieved. Valerie, if you knew just a tithe of what he had suffered—"

Her words travelled away into silence. She caught at Valerie's arms with quivering fingers. "Valerie—there, look—look—"

Bending, her face close to her sister's, Valerie saw the shadow of a man, long and black, on the white road. Then the figure of the man who followed, walking slowly and hesitatingly, coming round the bend of the road.

"Valerie—here is Jack! Oh, tell me—tell me—what are you going to do?"

But Valerie made no answer. Her eyes were fixed, like the eyes of a woman held at a trance, on the face of the man who came slowly to meet them—on the strained, thin face of the man who was blind.

There will be another long instalment on Monday.

## NEWS ITEMS.

### So Willing to Oblige.

"The Germans are very, willing to agree if their enemies will do so," is said to be Germany's answer to the Pope's appeal for an armistice during Christmas.

### Kaiser's Cigar Fetches £14 10s.

A cigar that once belonged to the German Emperor fetched £14 10s. at Henley yesterday, when it was sold several times in aid of the funds of the local Red Cross Hospital.

### Bishop of Birmingham Fined.

The Bishop of Birmingham was fined eight guineas and costs, at Birmingham yesterday, for failing to secure a motor licence, and 30s. and cost for failing to obtain licences for two male servants.

### Crystal Palace to Close.

Owing to alterations to be made at the Crystal Palace, which is to be arranged as training quarters for at least 10,000 men, the public will be excluded both from the palace and grounds on and after the end of December.

## RACING AT GATWICK.

There was some capital sport at Gatwick yesterday, but a heavy downpour of rain made things very unpleasant for visitors, and matters were not improved when several sound favourites were beaten. In the absence of George B. Mask Off, as expected, won the December Steeplechase, but Sauterne failed in the Croydon Hurdle, and Blue Stem, Roy Hamilton and Como also beat better-fancied candidates in their respective races.

### SELECTIONS FOR TO-DAY.

1. 0.—Courtland Steeplechase—FLATTERER.
1. 30.—Horham Hurdle—JLY WHEEL.
1. 0.—Novices' Steeplechase—FATHER CONFESSOR.
2. 30.—Gatwick Hurdle—POULTRY CLAIM.
2. 30.—Juvenile Hurdle—POLITIAN.

### DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.

- \*POULTRY CLAIM AND FATHER CONFESSOR.
- BOUVIERE.

### GATWICK RACING RETURNS.

1. 0.—Tinsley Steeplechase. 2m.—Nimrod IV. (1-2, Avila).
1. 30.—Three-Year-Old Hurdle. 11m.—Roy Hamilton (6-1, Nantony); 1; Marie's Pride (5-1); 2; Loomian (4-1); 3. 16 ran.
2. 0.—December Steeplechase. 2m.—Mask Off (1-8, Patronage); 1; Red Stork (10-1); 2; Platonic (8-4); 3. 8 ran.
2. 30.—Croydon Hurdle. 2m.—Boscon Rouge (4-1, J. Dillon); 1; Prince Stealing (3-1); 2; Sauterne (6-4); 3. 2 ran.
3. 0.—Timberland Hurdle. 2m.—Blue Stem (6-1, Hulme); 1; Oiseau Bleu (7-2); 2; Golden Impulse (100-1); 3. 15 ran.
3. 30.—Tinsley Steeplechase. 3m.—Como (5-1, Dale); 1; Strangways (9-4); 2; Violet Charlesworth (6-1); 3. 8 ran.

WITH THE BRITISH EXPEDITIONARY FORCE Cherry Yellow Dubbin is always welcome, because when rubbed on the feet it prevents soreness when on the march. Prepared by the makers of Cherry Blossom Boot Polish.—(Advt.)

# WHAT 10,000 DOCTORS ARE DOING TO CURE "NERVE" DISORDERS.

A New Treatment which is Now being Applied with Complete Success all over the Country.

RENEWED VITALITY, ENERGY AND VIGOUR WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL, REGARDLESS OF AGE. THE WAY TO HEALTH NOW OPEN TO EVERY NERVE SUFFERER.

At last a serious and successful effort has been made to combat the greatest physical evil of the day—NERVE WRECKAGE—and all its consequences of weakness and disease to thousands of homes.

Under the leadership of the Continental Nerve Specialist, Dr. R. Muller, an organised campaign of "Nerve Renovation" is announced, of which the keynote is to be found in the following drastic sentence:—

"Worn-out Nerve Systems cannot be re-invigorated by medicines or physical exercises; the one acts as a temporary spur with disastrous after-effects, the other causes direct damage by making demands which the system cannot meet."

Every nerve sufferer who reads these lines can confirm that statement. Once afflicted with Nerve disorder, there has been "so far very little hope for the victim. He has been principally recommended to swallow tonics and pills. These methods have failed, and he has failed. Why? Because the real cause of Nerve Weakness is not generally understood.

Recognising this, a body of eminent scientists, Dr. Muller at the head, instituted a special campaign, "the research into nerve troubles." In the course of the last few years many hundreds of nervous patients have been examined, and as a result of such investigation an entirely new method of treatment has been mapped out, based on the fresh facts which have been revealed.

The treatment has been a wonderful success wherever tried, and is being adopted to-day by over ten thousand doctors throughout Europe.

Dr. Muller has explained the whole substance of this striking departure in Nerve Treatment in an illustrated book, published at the popular price of 1s., which whilst unassailably correct from the technical point of view, is written in terms perfectly comprehensible by the intelligent layman.

### WHAT "THE WAY TO HEALTH" PROVES.

In this book, called "The Way to Health," every nerve sufferer is shown how to reason out for himself the why and wherefore of his trouble. Briefly put, the first principles of "Nerve Renovation" are as follows:—

1. The Nerve System consists of:—  
The Nerve Centres (of which the brain is the chief), in which is accumulated the vital energy or force.
2. The nerves themselves, which extend all over the body, and transmit energy given them by the Nerve Centres.

All activity, thought, and health depend upon the constant regeneration of force in the Nerve Centres, and its proper transmission throughout the body. The most powerful muscles, internal or external, are unable to act without the proper impulse from the Nerve Centres.

Many modern disorders which are not supposed to have any connection with the nerves result from purely nervous causes, and would disappear upon full nerve energy being regained. The Nerve Centres derive their energy from natural phosphoric nutrient (technically known as Lecithin), which is replenished by certain elements in the food we eat. In cases of strain, as under condition of modern life of any

kind, the Lecithin element in the food we eat becomes insufficient to meet the demand.

### HOW THE RENOVATION TREATMENT ACTS.

Cure of Nerve Weakness can therefore only be effected by supplying the starved Nerve Cells with this nutrient. Such nutrient cannot be obtained from Drugs or Tonics (which have no nourishing properties), nor from exercise, which only makes greater drains upon the constitution. What is required is a System of "Nerve Renovation," by means of which the Nerve Centres may be supplied with a nutrient which is identical in composition with the natural phosphoric fat. Dr. Muller's Nerve Nutrient is the scientist's answer to this demand. It is a food, not a drug; nourishment, not a stimulant. It increases energy instead of making demands upon it. A carefully administered and continuous supply of Dr. Muller's Nutrient is the ONLY CURE FOR NERVE WEAKNESS and its consequences.

The Muller Nutrient immediately supplies the exhausted nerve centres with their vital nourishment, and the user is very soon conscious of the help and strength that his system has received.

### TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

The Antineurasthenia Campaign is finding its chief support in the medical profession, and a large number of doctors who practice have felt that they could do little or nothing for their Neurasthenia Patients are now treating a number of these cases with the most complete success.

Every doctor who reads this announcement is invited to communicate with the London Headquarters of the Nerve Renovation movement at the address below, when, upon receipt of his professional card, he will receive:—

1. Full prescription of the Nerve Food, with notes on the various ingredients and their action from a medical point of view.
2. A special large trial supply of the Nerve Food for experimental purposes.

### "THE WAY TO HEALTH" OPEN TO EVERY SUFFERER.

Every Nerve Sufferer who reads this announcement is requested to send for a copy of Dr. Muller's book, "The Way to Health," which shows clearly why and his Nerve Troubles arise, and indicates the way of cure.

This book, although published at 1s., is now, in furtherance of the Antineurasthenia Campaign, offered free of cost to the readers of this journal, together with a liberal supply of the Muller Nutrient for initial testing purposes. Send up your full name and address, with two penny stamps for postage, and, to 342, The Muller Laboratories, 92, Great Russell-street, London, W.C., and the booklet and a sample packet of the Nutrient will be sent free in a plain sealed cover.

Sufferers and Inquirers calling at the Consulting Offices, 92, Great Russell-street, London, W.C., can see the Acting Consultant, who will be pleased to give Expert Advice entirely Free of Charge.

The Muller Nutrient can be ordered from Boots' Branches, Harrods', Whiteley's, John Barker's, the Army and Navy Stores, and from all high-class chemists.

### IMPORTANT WAR NOTICE!

The Muller Laboratories, are and have always been, under entirely British Control and Ownership. Dr. Muller's Nutrient is not a German article, but a Swiss preparation, the base of which has been supplied for some years from the Celebrated Laboratories of Messrs. Blättmann et Cie., Wädenswil (near Bale), Switzerland.

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FRENCH Boy Who Saw  
His Father and Mother  
Shot by Germans : Picture.

### DEATH FOR LOOTING: GERMAN WHO ROBBED A FRENCH CHATEAU.

3.11908 F



This German soldier was caught red-handed helping himself to a number of valuable articles in a French chateau, which was stripped of everything by the invaders. He

was tried by court-martial and sentenced to be shot. He was, however, a brave man and met his death calmly and unflinchingly.

### "THOSE BROWN RASCALS": THE GERMANS LEARN TO FEAR THE INDIANS.

4.6140 F



Gurkhas advancing to take up a position in trenches on bank of the Suez Canal. Letters from German soldiers which have been published recently prove that the enemy has

been taught to fear our Indian warriors. In one case they were described as "those brown rascals."

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